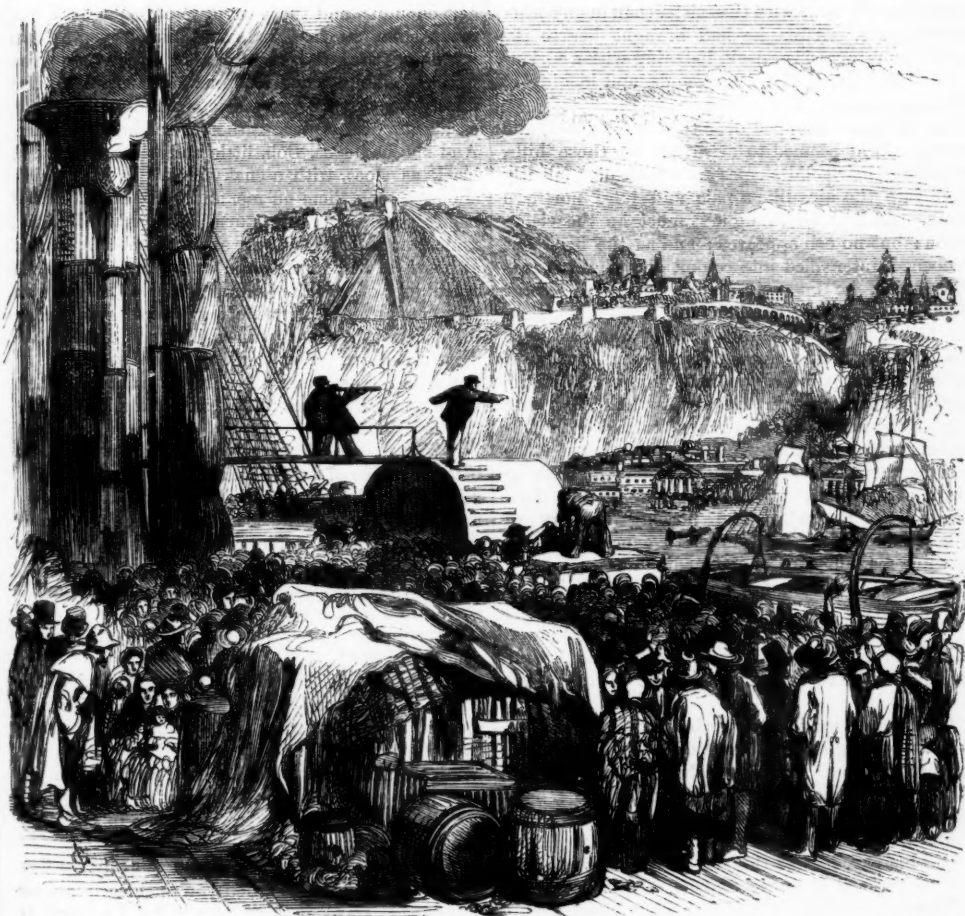


THE LEISURE HOUR

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Cooper.*



THE EMIGRANTS ARRIVE AT QUEBEC.

CEDAR CREEK;
FROM THE SHANTY TO THE SETTLEMENT.
A TALE OF CANADIAN LIFE.

CHAPTER III.—UP THE ST. LAWRENCE.

LITTLE Jay could hardly be persuaded into the belief that they were now sailing on a river; that the swift broad tide bearing against them, more than one hundred and twenty miles across at this

island of Anticosti, was the mouth of a stream having source in a mountain far away, and once narrow enough to step over. Arthur showed her the St. Lawrence on a map hung in the saloon; but such demonstration did not seem to convince her much. "Then where are the banks? My geography says that a river always has banks," was her argument.

In the evening he was able to show her the wide

pitiless snow ranges of Labrador, whence blew a keen desert air. Perpetual pine-woods—looking like a black band set against the encroaching snow—edged the land, whence the brig was some miles distant, tacking to gain the benefit of the breeze off shore.

Presently came a strange and dismal sound wafted over the waters from the far pine forests—a high prolonged howl, taken up and echoed by scores of ravenous throats; repeated again and again, augmenting in fierce cadences. Jay caught Mr. Wynn's arm closer. "The wolves," said Arthur; "but we are a long way off."

"I must go and tell Edith," said the child; evidently feeling safer with that sister than in any other earthly care. After he had brought her to the cabin, he returned on deck, listening with a curious sort of pleasure to the wild sounds, and looking at the dim outlines of the shore.

As darkness dropped over the circle of land and water, a light seemed to arise behind those hills, revealing their solid shapes anew; stealing silently aloft into the air, like a pale and pure northern dawn. At first he thought it must be the rising moon: but no orb appeared; and as the brilliance deepened, intensified into colour, and shot towards the zenith, he knew it for the aurora borealis. Soon the stars were blinded out by the vivid sweeping flicker of its rays; hues bright and varied as the rainbow thrilled along the iridescent roadways to the central point above, and tongues of flame leaped from arches in the north-west. Burning scarlet and amber, purple, green, trembled in pulsations across the ebony surface of the heavens, as if some vast fire beneath the horizon was flashing forth coruscations of its splendour to the dark hemisphere beyond. The floating banners of angels is a hackneyed symbol to express the oppressive magnificence of a Canadian aurora.

The brothers were fascinated: their admiration had no words.

"This is as bad as the iceberg for making a fellow's brain feel too big for his head," said Arthur at last. "We've seen two sublime things, at all events, Bob."

Clear frosty weather succeeded—weather without the sharp sting of cold, but elastic and pure as on a mountain-peak. Being becalmed for a day or two off a wooded point, the skipper sent a boat ashore for fuel and water. Arthur eagerly volunteered to help; and after half-an-hour's rowing through the calm blue bay, he had the satisfaction to press his foot on the soil of Lower Canada.

There was a small clearing beside a brook which formed a narrow deep cove, a sort of natural miniature dock where their boat floated. A log hut, mossed with years, was set back some fifty yards toward the forest. What pines were those! what giants of arborecence! Seventy feet of massive shaft without a bough; and then a dense thicket of black inwoven branches, making a dusk beneath the fullest sunshine.

"I tell you we haven't trees in the old country; our oaks and larches are only shrubs," he said to Robert, when narrating his expedition. "Wait till you see pines such as I saw to-day. Looking

along the forest glades, those great pillars upheld the roof everywhere in endless succession. And the silence! as if a human creature never breathed among them, though the log hut was close by. When I went in, I saw a French *habitan*, as they call him, who minds the lighthouse on the point, with his Indian wife, and her squaw mother dressed in a blanket, and of course babies—the queerest little brown things you ever saw. One of them was tied into a hollow board, and buried to the chin in 'punk,' by way of bed-clothes."

"And what is punk?" asked Robert.

"Rotten wood powdered to dust," answered Arthur, with an air of superior information. "It's soft enough; and the poor little animal's head was just visible, so that it looked like a young live mummy. But the grandmother squaw was even uglier than the grandchildren; a thousand and one lines seamed her coppery face, which was the colour of an old penny piece rather burnished from use. And she had eyes, Bob, little and wide apart, and black as sloes, with a snaky look. I don't think she ever took them off me, and 'twas no manner of use to stare at her in return. So, as I could not understand what they were saying—gabbling a sort of *patois* of bad French and worse English, with a sprinkling of Indian—and as the old lady's gaze was getting uncomfortable, I went out again among my friends, the mighty pines. I hope we shall have some about our location, wherever we settle."

"And I trust more intimate acquaintance won't make us wish them a trifle fewer and slighter," remarked Robert.

"Well, I am afraid my enthusiasm would fade before an acre of such clearing," rejoined Arthur. "But, Bob, the colours of the foliage are lovelier than I can tell. You see a little of the tinting even from this distance. The woods have taken pattern by the aurora: it seems we are now in the Indian summer, and the maple trees are just burning with scarlet and gold leaves."

"I suppose you did not see many of our old country trees?"

"Hardly any. Pine is the most plentiful of all: how I like its sturdy independent look! as if it was used to battling with snow-storms, and got strong by the exercise. The mate showed me hickory and hemlock, and a lot of other foreigners, while the men were cutting logs in the bush."

"You have picked up the Canadian phraseology already," observed Robert.

"Yes," and Arthur reddened slightly. "Impossible to avoid that, when you're thrown among fellows that speak nothing else. But I wanted to tell you, that coming back we hailed a boat from one of those outward-bound ships lying yonder at anchor; the mate says their wood and water is half a pretence. They are smuggling skins, in addition to their regular freight of lumber."

"Smuggling skins!"

"For the skipper's private benefit, you understand: furs, such as sable, marten, and squirrel; they send old ship's stores ashore to trade with vagrant Indians, and then sew up the skins in their clothes, between the lining and the stuff, so as to pass the Custom House officers at home. Bob!

I'm longing to be ashore for good. You don't know what it was to feel firm ground under one's feet after six weeks' unsteady footing. I'm longing to get out of this floating prison, and begin our life among the pines."

Robert shook his head a little sorrowfully. Now that they were nearing the end of the voyage, many cares pressed upon him, which to the volatile nature of Arthur seemed only theme for adventure. Whither to bend their steps in the first instance, was a matter for grave deliberation. They had letters of introduction to a gentleman near Carillon on the Ottawa, and others to a family at Toronto. Former friends had settled beside the lonely Lake Simcoe, midway between Huron and Ontario. Many an hour of the becalmed days he spent over the maps and guide books they had brought, trying to study out a result. Jay came up to him one afternoon, as he leaned his head on his hand perplexedly.

"What ails you? have you a headache?"

"No, I am only puzzled."

Her own small elbow rested on the taffrail, and her little fingers dented the fair round cheek, in unwitting imitation of his posture.

"Is it about a lesson? But you don't have to get lessons."

"No; it is about what is best for me to do when I land."

"Edith asks God always; and he shows her what is best," said the child, looking at him wistfully. Again that thought, so like to his mother. She might have spoken through the childish lips. He closed his books, remarking that they were stupid. Jay gave him her hand, to walk up and down the deck. He had never made it a custom to consult God, or refer to him in matters of daily life, though theoretically he acknowledged his pervading sovereignty. To procure the guidance of Infinite Wisdom would be well worth a prayer. Something strong as a chain held him back—the pride of his consciously unrenewed heart.

When the wind became favourable, they passed up the river rapidly; and a succession of the noblest views opened around them. No panorama of the choice spots of earth could be lovelier. Lofty granite islets, such as Kamouraska, which attains an altitude of five hundred feet; bold promontories and deep basin bays; magnificent ranges of bald blue mountains inland; and, as they neared Grosse Isle and the quarantine ground, the soft beauties of civilization were superadded. Many ships of all nations lay at anchor; the shore was dotted with white farm-houses, and neat villages clustered each round the glittering spire of a church.

"How very French that is, eh?" said Captain Armytage, referring to those shining metal roofs. "Tinsel is charming to the eyes of a *habitant*. You know, I've been in these parts before, with the —th; so I am pretty well acquainted with the ground. We have the parish of St. Thomas to our left now, thickly spotted with white cottages: St. Joachim is on the opposite bank. The nomenclature all about here smacks of the prevailing faith and of the old masters."

"'Tis a pity they didn't hold by the musical Indian names," said Robert Wynn.

"Well, yes, when the music don't amount to seventeen syllables a-piece, eh?" Captain Armytage had a habit of saying "eh" at every available point in his sentences. Likewise had he the most gentlemanlike manners that could be, set off by the most gentlemanlike personal appearance; yet, an inexplicable something about him prevented a thorough liking. Perhaps it was the intrinsic selfishness, and want of sincerity of nature, which one instinctively felt after a little intercourse had worn off the dazzle of his engaging demeanour. Perhaps Robert had detected the odour of rum, ineffectually concealed by the fragrance of a smoking pill, more frequently than merely after dinner, and seen the sad shadow on his daughter's face, following. But that did not prevent Captain Armytage's being a very agreeable and well-informed companion nevertheless.

"Granted that 'Canada' is a pretty name," said he; "but it's Spanish more than native. 'Acana'—nothing here—said the old Castilian voyagers, when they saw no trace of gold mines or other wealth along the coast. That's the story, at all events. But I hold to it that our British John Cabot was the first who ever visited this continent, unless there's truth in the old Scandinavian tales, which I don't believe."

But the gallant officer's want of credence does not render it the less a fact, that, about the year 1001, Biorn Heriolson, an Icelander, was driven south from Greenland by tempestuous weather, and discovered Labrador. Subsequently, a colony was established for trading purposes, on some part of the coast name Vinland; but after a few Icelanders had made fortunes of the peltries, and many had perished among the Esquimaux, all record of the settlement is blotted out, and Canada fades from the world's map till restored by the explorations of the Cabots and Jacques Cartier. The two former examined the seaboard, and the latter first entered the grand estuary of the St. Lawrence, which he named from the saint's day of its discovery; and he also was the earliest white man to gaze down from the mighty precipice of Quebec, and pronounce the obscure Indian name, which was hereafter to suggest a world-famed capital. Then, the dwellings and navies of nations and generations yet unborn were growing all round in hundreds of leagues of forest; a dread magnificence of shade darkened the face of the earth, amid which the red man reigned supreme. Now, as the passengers of the good brig "Ocean Queen" gazed upon it three centuries subsequently, the slow axe had chopped away those millions of pines, and the land was smiling with homesteads and mapped out in fields of rich farm produce: the encroachments of the irresistible white man had metamorphosed the country, and almost blotted out its olden masters. Robert Wynn began to realize the force of Hiram Holt's patriotic declaration, "It's the finest country in the world!"

"And the loveliest!" he could have added, without even a saving clause for his own old emerald isle, when they passed the western point of the high wooded island of Orleans, and came in view of the superb Falls of Montmorenci; two hundred

and fifty feet of sheer precipice, leaped by a broad full torrent, eager to reach the great river flowing beyond, and which seemed placidly to await the turbulent onset. As Robert gazed, the fascination of a great waterfall came over him like a spell. Who has not felt this beside Lodore, or Foyers, or Tore? Who has not found his eye mesmerised by the falling sheet of dark polished waters, merging into snowy spray and crowned with rainbow crest, most changeable yet most unchanged?

Thousands of years has this been going on; you may read it in the worn limestone layers that have been eaten through, inches in centuries, by the impetuous stream. Thus, also, has the St. Lawrence carved out its mile-wide bed beneath the Heights of Abraham—the stepping-stone to Wolfe's fame, and of Canadian freedom.

CHAPTER IV.—WOODEN-NESS.

PILED on the summit of Cape Diamond, and duplicated in shadow upon the deep waters at its base, three hundred feet below, stands the fortress of Quebec. Edinburgh and Ehrenbreitstein have been used as old-world symbols to suggest its beauty and strength; but the girdle of mighty river is wanting to the former, and the latter is a trifling miniature of the Canadian city-queen. Robert Wynn knew of no such comparisons; he only felt how beautiful was that mass of interwoven rock, and wood, and town, reflected and rooted in the flood; he scarcely heard Captain Armytage at his left reminding him for the tenth time that he had been here before with the —th.

"There's Point Levi to the south, a mile away, in front of the mountains. Something unpleasant once befell me in crossing there. I and another sub. hired a boat for a spree, just because the hummocks of ice were knocking about on the tide, and all prudent people staid ashore; but we went out in great dreadnought boots, and bearskin caps over our ears, and amused ourselves with pulling about for awhile among the floes. I suppose the grinding of the ice deafened us, and the hummocks hid us from view of the people on board; at all events, down came one of the river steamers slap on us. I saw the red paddles laden with ice at every revolution, and the next instant was sinking, with my boots dragging me down like a cannon ball at my feet. I don't know how I kicked them off, and rose: Gilpin, the other sub., had got astride on the capsized boat; a rope flung from the steamer struck me, and you may believe I grasped it pretty tightly. D'y'e see here?" and he showed Robert a front tooth broken short: "I caught with my hands first, and they were so numb, and the ice forming so fast on the dripping rope, that it slipped till I held by my teeth; and another noose being thrown around me lassowise, I was dragged in. A narrow escape, eh?"

"Very narrow," echoed Robert. He noticed the slight shiver that ran through the daughter's figure, as she leaned on her father's arm. His handsome face looked down at her carelessly.

"Edith shudders," said he; "I suppose thinking something very bad would have befallen her father's soul—eh?" To which he received no

answer, save an appealing look from her soft eyes. He turned away with a short laugh.

"Well, at all events, it cured me of boating among the ice. Ugh! to be sucked in and smothered under a floe would be frightful."

Mr. Wynn, wishing to say something that would prove he was not thinking of the little aside-scene between father and daughter, asked if the St. Lawrence was generally so full of ice in winter.

It was difficult to believe, now in the balmy atmosphere of the Indian summer, with a dreamy sunshine warming and gladdening all things—the very apotheosis of autumn—that wintry blasts would howl along this placid river, surging fierce ice-waves together, before two months should pass.

"There's rarely a bridge quite across," replied Captain Armytage; "except in the north channel, above the Isle of Orleans, where the tide has less force than in the southern, because it is narrower; but in the widest place the hummocks of ice are frequently crushed into heaps fifteen or twenty feet high, which makes navigation uncomfortably exciting."

"I should think so," rejoined Robert, drily.

"Ah, you have yet to feel what a Canadian winter is like, my young friend;" and Captain Armytage nodded in that mysterious manner which is intended to impress a "griffin" with the cheering conviction that unknown horrors are before him.

"I wonder what is that tall church, whose roof glitters so intensely?"

"The cathedral, under its tin dome and spires. The metal is said to help the thawing of the snow, which might otherwise lie so heavy as to endanger the roof."

"Oh, that is the reason!" ejaculated Robert, suddenly enlightened as to the needs-be of all the surface glitter.

"Rather a pretty effect—eh? and absolutely unique, except in Canadian cities. It suggests an infinitude of greenhouses reflecting sunbeams at a variety of angles of incidence."

"I presume this is the lower town, lying along the quays?" said Robert.

"Yes, like our Scottish Edinburgh, the old city, being built in dangerous times, lies huddled close together under protection of its guardian rock," said the Captain. "But within, you could fancy yourself suddenly transported into an old Normandy town, among narrow crooked streets and high-gabled houses; nor will the degree of cleanliness deceive you. For, unlike most other American cities, Quebec has a Past as well as a Present: there is the French Past, narrow, dark, crowded, hiding under a fortification; and there is the English Present, embodied in the handsome upper town, and the suburb of St. John's, broad, well-built, airy. The line of distinction is very marked between the pushing Anglo-Saxon's premises and the tumble-down concerns of the stand-still *habitan*."

Perhaps, also, between Protestant enterprise and Roman Catholic supineness.

"There's a boat boarding us already," said Robert.

It proved to be the custom-house officers; and when their domiciliary visit was over, Robert and

Arthur went ashore. Navigating through a desert expanse of lumber rafts and a labyrinth of hundreds of hulls, they stepped at last on the ugly wooden wharves which line the water's edge, and were crowded with the usual traffic of a port; yet singularly noiseless, from the boarded pavement beneath the wheels.

Though the brothers had never been in any part of France, the peculiarly French aspect of the lower town struck them immediately. The old-fashioned dwellings, with steep lofty roofs, accumulated in narrow alleys, seemed to date back to an age long anterior to Montcalm's final struggle with Wolfe on the heights; even back, perchance, to the brave enthusiast Champlain's first settlement under the superb headland, replacing the Indian village of Stadacona. To perpetuate his fame, a street alongside the river is called after him; and though his "New France" has long since joined the dead names of extinct colonies, the practical effects of his early toil and struggle remain, in this American Gibraltar which he originated.

Andy Callaghan had begged leave to accompany his young masters ashore, and marched at a respectful distance behind them, along that very Champlain Street, looking about him with unfeigned astonishment. "I suppose the quarries is all used up in these parts; for the houses is wood, an' the churches is wood, and the sthreeets has wooden stones on dher our feet," he soliloquised, half audibly. "It's a mighty quare counthry intirely: between the people making a land on top of the wather for 'emselves by thim big rafts, an' buildin' houses on 'em, and kindlin' fires——"

Here his meditation was rudely broken into by the sudden somerset of a child from a doorstep he was passing; but it had scarcely touched the ground when Andy, with an exclamation in Irish, swung it aloft in his arms.

"*Mono mugh thig thu!* you crathur, is it trying which yer head or the road is the hardest, you are? Whisht now, don't cry, my fine boy, and may be I'd sing a song for ye."

"Wisha then, cead mille failthe a thousand times, Irishman, whoever ye are!" said the mother, seizing Andy's hand. "And my heart warms to the tongue of the old counthry! Won't you come in, honest man, an' rest awhile, an' it's himself will be glad to see ye?"

"And who's himself?" inquired Andy, dandling the child.

"The carpenter, Pat M'Donagh of Ballinoge ——"

"Hurroo!" shouted Andy, as he executed a whirling on one leg, and then embraced the amazed Mrs. M'Donagh fraternally. "My uncle's son's wife! an' a darling purty face you have of yer own too."

"Don't be funnin', now," said the lady, bridling; "an' you might have axed a person's lave before you tossed me cap that way. Here, Pat, come down an' see yer cousin just arrived from the ould counthry!"

Robert and Arthur Wynn, missing their servitor at the next turn, and looking back, beheld something like a popular *émeute* in the narrow street, which was solely Andy fraternizing with his countrymen and recovered relations.

"Wait a minit," said Andy, returning to his allegiance, as he saw them looking back; "let me run after the gentlemen and get lave to stay."

"Lave, indeed!" exclaimed the republican-minded Mrs. M'Donagh; "it's I that wud be afther askin lave in a free counthry! Why, we've no masthers nor missuses here at all!"

"Hut, woman, but they're my fotherers—the young Mr. Wynns of Dunore."

Great had been that name among the peasantry once; and even yet it had not lost its prestige with the transplanted Pat M'Donagh. He had left Ireland a ragged pauper in the famine year, and was now a thriving artisan, with average wages of seven shillings a day; an independence with which Robert Wynn would have considered himself truly fortunate; and upon less than which many a lieutenant in Her Majesty's infantry has to keep up a gentlemanly appearance. Pat's strength had been a drug in his own country; here it readily worked an opening to prosperity.

And presently, forgetting his sturdy Canadian notions of independence, the carpenter was bowing cap in hand before the gentlemen, begging them to accept the hospitality of his house while they stayed in Quebec. "The M'Donaghs is ould tenants of yer honours' father, an' many a kindness they resaved from the family, and 'twould be the joy of me heart to see one of the ancient stock at me table," he said; "an' sure me father's brother's son is along wid ye!"

"The ancient stock" declined, with many thanks, as they wanted to see the city; but Andy, not having the same zeal for exploring, remained in the discovered nest of his kinsfolk, and made himself so acceptable, that they parted subsequently with tears.

Meanwhile, the brothers walked from the lower to the upper town, through the quaint steep streets of stone houses—relics of the old French occupation. The language was in keeping with this foreign aspect, and the vivacious gestures of the inhabitants told their pedigree. Robert and Arthur were standing near a group of them in the market-square, assembled round a young bear brought in by an Indian, when the former felt a heavy hand on his shoulder, and the next instant the tenacity of his wrist was pretty well tested in the friendly grasp of Hiram Holt.

A CASE FOR THE DOCTORS.

THE following singular occurrence took place when I was a midshipman on board a line-of-battle ship at Cadiz. A British squadron of eight or ten ships of the line, and some smaller vessels, were in the harbour, and the harbour itself is pretty well "land-locked." But a regulation most rigidly enforced by the Spanish authorities required all vessels from unhealthy stations to anchor in an open bay on the left of the harbour's entrance, till they should be visited by the "health officer;" and at this spot, towards the close of day, three or four Spanish men-of-war arrived from the West Indies, anchoring during a stiff breeze, which,

before night closed upon them, or a boat had reached them, increased to a violent gale, blowing dead on the shore. The storm was felt pretty keenly during the night, even within the harbour. The wind howled and whistled through the rigging, rattling the blocks and running gear, putting an extra strain upon the cables, and spurring the shipping into a canter; while the rain, at intervals, as if taking its turn with the terrific gusts, came down in torrents from the black canopy above, which shrouded every glimpse of moon or star.

More exposed than ourselves, as well as less efficiently equipped, the Spanish ships soon announced their perilous position. The reports of their signal guns came booming home to our ears, and their exploding flashes, though but faintly seen at intervals through the murky atmosphere, served to indicate their position. Night signals are now glimmering from on board the Admiral. The boatswain's pipe in every British ship is evoking a responsive thrill in the hearts of some hundreds who have no "ifs" or "buts" in their vocabulary. The rude harmony of the elements has now a vocal accompaniment, Boreas still vigorously at the bass, and the rain beating time. Hawsers are roused up and payed away over the side into the launches, and with kedge anchors and every needful appliance away they start, towed by the smaller boats, with a lighted lantern fixed in the bow of the leader of them; and as the first settled strain is felt upon the tow-ropes, one loud rallying cheer from the rowers accompanies the first simultaneous strokes of the quivering oars. The cheer is answered from another quarter; another and another, fainter or louder, here and there, as distance intervenes, in succession follow from the other detachments, whose glimmering lights alone are seen, bobbing about like fire-flies amidst the pervading gloom.

The storm abated towards the morning; but daylight revealed the sad issue of its effects upon the stranded ships, and the returning boats were to be seen pursuing a direct route towards the city, deeply laden with rescued property, and a portion of their officers and crews. A large amount of specie and quicksilver composed their freight, and for many succeeding days the boats of the fleet, towing heavy Spanish lighters to and fro, were employed on the same service. The duties of the "health officer," we may assume, were in the mean time quite forgotten, though no people could be more rigid in their quarantine laws, or more lax in all other sanitary precautions. Plague, or yellow fever, was rife in those days in the Mediterranean; but the climate of the West Indies was generally conceived to be superlatively pestilential. Some equivocal cases were soon reported among our own crew, though ascribed at first to the severe trials of that inclement night, and the rough service which ensued. But a languor, with depression of spirits, soon became a general complaint among officers and men. Still, but for the resemblance, in the worst cases, to the premonitory symptoms of remittant fevers, and signals from the Admiral calling all surgeons on board his ship to a consultation, little apprehension would have occurred. All

the crews of the squadron were alike affected, but comparatively few, as yet, decidedly in danger. "Yellow Jack" of the West Indies is commonly more active. The doctors were puzzled.

In the meantime, other symptoms developed themselves, which imported into the matter a little of the ludicrous among those who retained their appetites, and of these the officers appeared the most fortunate. Their chewing faculties were not equal to their work, and both the cook and cook's mate happened to be among the worst of the patients. Teeth became rickety and gums sore. Nibbling and munching made eating a bore; till at length a compulsory abstinence from all solids, established spoon-meat throughout the ship and throughout the fleet. "Why, what *can* it be?" but no one could ask that or any other question in plain English; and, moreover, no one could answer it. Every one's mouth seemed to be of the same pattern, and every one was more or less idiotical in his speech.

The mystery for a time was unfathomable, and even its solution equivocal in its relation to cause and effect. Speculation at length settled on some globules of quicksilver that were detected here and there in the crevices of the decks. The youngsters became busy in driving them one into another, till the volume increased to a spoonful that might be ladled into a phial or any other receiver; and in the meantime investigation led to the fact, that the crews of the several ships employed at the wrecks had secured to themselves a quantity of the mineral which had escaped from the packages at the scene of the disaster. There was no evidence, however, in any case that came to my knowledge, to establish pillage, or even of a knowledge among the men of the intrinsic value of the property. Many packages had been wholly lost, or so broken that the mercury escaped and was scattered about the rocks, though packed in bladders within the cases. And though the aggregate quantity thus collected was doubtless very considerable, it was so widely distributed that few among the many were known to have any portion of it. But the most curious point in the matter was the absence of all suspicion among the medical men of the true cause of these singular effects.

It was not to be supposed that so odd an occurrence was ever likely to happen again; but before we quit Cadiz Harbour on a vegetable diet, with my washing bill paid in quicksilver, and a few "notions" gratified by the same medium, with the bumboat-woman alongside, I must supplement the above narrative with the brief particulars of its actual recurrence, under aggravated circumstances, a few years afterwards, on board another British man-of-war, and at the very same spot.

The "Triumph," of seventy-four guns, arrived at Cadiz in February, 1820, and in the following month a Spanish vessel, laden with quicksilver from the mines in South America, having been driven on shore in a gale of wind, and wrecked under the batteries in the bay already mentioned, then in the possession of the French, the boats of this ship were sent to her assistance. About 130 tons of quicksilver were saved, brought on

board the "Triumph," and the boxes which contained it were stowed away in the bread-room. The mercury had been first confined in bladders, and these again in small barrels, and the barrels in boxes. The bladders, however, having been wetted in rescuing the packages from the wreck, soon rotted, and the mercury, to the amount of several tons, was speedily diffused through the ship. The effect of this was very soon palpable to all on board. In the space of three weeks two hundred men were on the sick list, with ulcerations of the mouth—in many instances with partial paralysis and bowel complaints; and ultimately there was not an individual on board who was not more or less affected. Almost all the live stock, too—sheep, pigs, goats, and poultry—were killed by it. Mice, cats, a dog, and even a canary-bird, shared the same fate, though the food of the last was kept in a bottle closely corked up. The mice would frequently come into the ward-room in the day time, leap up to some height, and fall dead upon the deck. Fortunately only two out of the ship's company affected by the mercury died. Various opinions were of course entertained of the manner in which the systems of the sufferers were so strangely assailed; and only a few years ago a paper on the subject was read before the Royal Society by Dr. Burnett. In this latter case, however, a much greater quantity of mercurial vapour was diffused than occurred on board any single ship in the first instance.

THE NEW ZEALAND DISPUTE.

QUARRELS ending in blows commonly have both remote and immediate causes. Often do our newspapers present us with the details of fierce encounters between neighbours, in which the alleged cause is fully proved to have been but the pretext, the real cause being of anterior date, and which, having gradually increased, the animosity of the contending parties at length culminates in open hostilities.

This appears to be somewhat the case with regard to the unhappy disturbance at Taranaki, in New Zealand. Looking first at actual occurrences, it would appear that for some time past the settlers about Taranaki, or New Plymouth—a township on the river Waitara, in the south-west part of the north island—have absorbed the native lands for agricultural purposes. This land has been obtained from native chiefs in the usual way, and by fair bargains. But for many years past, some of the natives have grumbled about territory passing into the hands of the "Pakeha" settlers. Moreover, it must be borne in mind that this district has become a convenient rendezvous for dissolute and dissatisfied Maories, it being far away from the restraint of the large towns, and easier of communication with the central and western parts of the island, where few Europeans are found.

Some months since, it was thought advisable to treat for a piece of land in the Waitara district, as this tract would make the settlers' block more compact. Well, negotiations were entered into

with one Teira, the reputed chief, to whom the land was recognised as belonging, both by natives and Europeans. But at this juncture another party came upon the stage, Wirimu Kingi, or William King, who insisted on being consulted in connection with the purchase. Now, as W. King, though a chief of eminence, does not appear to have had the right which Teira seems to have possessed, and as the latter had already closed with the offer made, Governor Browne did not entertain W. King's pretensions. This seems to be the point upon which some lay the greatest stress, assuming that W. King, because he takes a bold stand, was the right party who should have been treated with; and secondly, that he has been wronged by those who, it is alleged, would not have dared to do so with a British subject.

W. King seems to have made this presumed slight a pretext for fomenting a quarrel; and little exertion was necessary on his part to enlist under the banner of revolt those of his countrymen whose restless spirits had prevented them engaging in those useful pursuits which would have given them an interest and a desire to secure peace, and who, mixing with the dissatisfied, were ready for any mischief. This state of things was noticed and commented upon by Governor Browne, who also found out that some renegade whites had been "disturbing the minds of the natives in that neighbourhood, and exciting them to arms," and, moreover, that they had used threats which had alarmed the settlers.

All who know Maori character are aware how easily the natives are excited, and when so, how quickly the old war spirit seizes hold of them. It is not surprising, therefore, that the natives, worked upon by their own chiefs, and perhaps by a few whites, should at last be thoroughly roused and eager for the fray.

Pahs were raised on and near the debateable territory, and the natives thus having *points d'appui*, and gathering confidence, began to skirmish with our people. In fact, the quarrel was unhappily inaugurated by their shedding the blood of some settlers. This led to the unfortunate fight that has been so much commented on in the newspapers. It appears that a reconnoitring party of the 40th Foot was fired upon by the natives, from the recently restored pah at Puketakanere. "This act of aggression," says the "Taranaki Herald," "loosened the hands of our military commander, and steps were taken to punish the insurgents for their growing boldness."

The pah to be attacked, consisting of two stockades, stands on a ridge, the two galleries forming which unite below the pah and stretch toward the Waitara valley. Three detachments were arranged for the attack. The main one, consisting of several companies of the 40th Foot, and 60 blue-jackets, with artillery, under the command of Major Nelson and Captain Seymour, was to attack the north-west side of the pah. The second division of 50 men was posted in the Waitara flat, to cut off the retreat of the natives by the river; and the third division was to take the pah in the rear. The latter party was soon hotly engaged with good

effect, and, as many of the natives began to escape, the second division also did great execution. Soon, however, native reinforcements arrived, when a desperate conflict took place amid the high fern; and then it was that these small divisions, outnumbered and outflanked, fought obstinately, expecting, no doubt, to be supported by the large body of troops which was in reserve. However, Major Nelson was compelled to retire, in doing which the maddened Maories cut up our poor fellows sadly, as they were fighting their way back. In this retreat Lieutenant Brooke fell, but only after his sword arm had been disabled, and Captain Seymour was severely wounded in the leg.

This expedition, then, was a failure. And why? The "Taranaki Herald" says, with perfect propriety as we think, regarding the result: "This sanguinary fight would have been the annihilation of the native force at Waitara had more troops been present." And how was it that more troops were not present? We do not pretend to answer this, but simply quote the words of another paper, which states that, "with a couple of thousand active service men, Colonel Gold so arranged that four hundred British were opposed to a thousand Maories." And it is elsewhere stated that "Colonel Gold and a large body of troops were not more than three miles off when the skirmish took place. It lasted five hours; yet no effort was made to reinforce the soldiers engaged, who were allowed to make the best shift they could." It has been since explained that, owing to the instructions which had been given to him by the Governor, the incriminated officer could not act otherwise than he did.

War was thus begun in earnest on both sides. Since then, our people have been securing auxiliaries and munitions of war from all available quarters. H.M.S. "Cordelia" and "Iris" landed a number of sailors, and furnished some much-needed stores.* On the 23rd of July, H.M.S. "Fawn" landed a detachment of the 12th Foot, and the next day the "City of Hobart" arrived with 233 rank and file of the 40th Regiment. Active measures were also taken to make the town capable of resisting a combined attack; for we read that "the town is closely barricaded, and entrenchments have been thrown up around it."

The natives, on the other hand, have not been idle. A few days after the fight at Puketakanere, they burnt every house at the settlement of Tataraimaki, except the chapel, and drove away all the cattle belonging to the settlers of the district to Kaihihi, where it was supposed they were going to have a feast. On the 11th of July it was found that the rebels had added considerably to the pahs at Puketakanere, which had also been connected, and that a star bastion had been thrown out at the north-west angle, thus showing that all damages had been repaired, and also that additions had been made to that strong stockade. Soon afterwards it was ascertained that not less than ten pahs had been erected on the block of land at Tatarai-

maki, belonging to settlers whose property had been destroyed. These pahs were to serve as a base for operations, to which they could retreat in case of necessity. Each pah* was calculated to hold 100 men, and they were all placed near each other. At the same time, it was stated that "these rebels, comprising the different hapus throughout the Taranaki and Ngatiruanui districts, inhabiting the country as far as Waitotara, twenty miles from Wanganui, are bent upon mischief, and, failing an attempt upon the town, intend to destroy everything upon European territory, and kill any settlers they may capture, on their marauding expeditions." Such, according to late advices, was the state of affairs between the belligerent parties at Taranaki, each strengthening, fortifying, preparing, and skirmishing.

It must be understood, before going further into the question, that active warfare is at present confined to one district. And it must not be taken for granted that disaffection is general throughout New Zealand. The Maoris have not been insulted into dislike; their religious opinions have not been forcibly subverted; their lands have not been torn from them; but the government and the settlers have worked *with* the natives for their general good.

With regard to the *land* question, which is held to be both the remote and immediate cause of hostilities, we observe, in the first place, that the Maoris are far better treated, as being the aborigines of a country that has been annexed to the British Crown, than many others similarly situated. And we can give no better explanation of the manner in which the Government acts with the natives, as a *rule*, with regard to the acquisition of their land, than by quoting the following words of a very old settler, who says:—

"In the Australian colonies the land was taken possession of by the Government, in right of discovery, and the whole of the territory, except the portions which from time to time have been granted or sold to emigrants, are demesne lands of the Crown; but it is not so in New Zealand. The natives claim every acre of land remaining unsold, and their claims are recognised by the Government. A commissioner is appointed, whose duty it is to negotiate with the native proprietors, for the purchase of such lands as they are willing to sell."

It appears, then, that the land is not forcibly taken from the Maori, but that, when any is wanted for settlers, it is bargained for in a fair and business-like way. That some natives should consider our people exacting and over-reaching is not to be wondered at, considering that they were once the sole owners; and however fairly we may have acquired tracts of territory, still there will certainly be malcontents in New Zealand, as everywhere else. But again, that this Taranaki affair is more the work of faction than of defence on principle, in which W. King's claim and cause of complaint are merely prettexts, will appear from the report of the conference of the 120 principal chiefs, who had been convened by the Governor to ascertain their

* The accompanying engraving, from a sketch made on the spot, represents the landing of troops at Taranaki.

* A model of a fortified pah may be seen in the Royal United Service Museum, Scotland Yard.

LANDING TROOP AT TAHAKANI, NEW ZEALAND.



opinions with regard to the litigated questions of the day. They, with perfect unanimity, expressed their friendly attachment to the Government and settlers, although it "transpired that they were all fully aware that the Taranaki natives had long made up their minds to dispossess the settlers of their land." This is scarcely to be wondered at, nor that information was not given to the Government upon the point, since they were neither in communication with the disaffected nor privy to the plans of the rebels. But then we read: "The chiefs were not long making up their minds that W. King's opposition to the sale of the Waitara land was a mere pretext for quarrel, and that some of the speakers were anxious to see such an overwhelming military force sent into the country as should effectually put a stop to pretenders like Kingi again disturbing the friendly relations of the two races."

Surely this is explicit language, and used by those very chiefs who knew best whether King's claim is valid or not. Again, the quarrel is called a *pretext*; if so, the plea that injustice has been done to W. King falls to the ground; and both he and his party are classed as pretenders, whom the leading Maori chiefs wish our Government to put down at once with an overwhelming force. Further proof of the correctness of this view of the case is furnished by the intelligence since arrived. By this we learn that the Maori conference had closed. But before separating, several resolutions were finally proposed and adopted, from which we give the following:—

Proposed by Wiremu Nero Te Awaiaia and seconded by Hamioru Matenga Tu:—

"That this conference is of opinion that the project of setting up a Maori king in New Zealand is a cause of strife and division, and is fraught with danger to the country."

Proposed by Winiata Pekamu Tohe-te-ururangi, and seconded by Peranara:—

"That this conference, having heard explained the circumstances which led to the war at Taranaki, is of opinion that the Governor was justified in the course taken by him; that Wiremu Kingi provoked the quarrel; and that the proceedings of the latter are wholly indefensible."

The fact is, civilization, its consequences and attendants, have made the two races as necessary to each other as were the ancient Britons and Romans after the time of Agricola. The Maori is quick, active, and bold. He was so at the time of Captain Cook, and was a scourge to his fellows. He has these qualities still, and it is the European settler who has taught him to use them for his own good; to trade, till the ground, and in fact, to *work*. This has curtailed old propensities, and fostered that activity of mind and body which, being engaged in a good cause, has benefited the Maoris individually and collectively. The consequence is, that those chiefs who once scoured the country hungry, dirty, and wretched, being sheltered by only a little *raupo*, and often subsisting on fern roots, are now large proprietors, having houses, lands, and cattle, and whose crops are carried to market in their own vessels. Comparison of the two states has taught them a lesson, and most of them have learnt it. A

few, however, stand in the way of advancement and the progress of civilization; they still foster the spirit of old times. Such must be treated with firmness, as well as with kindness and forbearance. Time will work the rest.

ADVENTURES OF "YOUNG SKYBLUE."

CHAPTER II.

THE life that Tim led in the Temple was an agreeable change for him, independent of the opportunity, so long desired, which it afforded him for improvement. His duties consisted in sitting at a desk in a little box of a closet close to the door, and showing visitors in and out when his master was present, and in taking their cards and messages when he was absent. Besides this, he had no end of running up and down stairs and about the town in all directions, especially to the different inns of court.

Sometimes Mr. Waters did not make his appearance for the whole day; but Mr. Quiller, the copying clerk, was always there and always busy. Quiller was a square-faced, round-shouldered, beetle-browed young man, given to frown dreadfully when he wrote; and as he was always writing, this habit had imparted a ferocious expression to his countenance, not at all in accordance with his natural disposition. At first Tim stood in great awe of him, as he sat on his high stool scrunching away with his pen upon the ribbed foolscap, with a noise that could be heard outside the door—his brows closely knit over his black eyes, and his large full mouth involuntarily twisting itself into the shape of every letter formed by his pen. But Quiller was a kind-hearted fellow, with a thin vein of dry humour not very striking, a straightforward way of thinking, and a plain bluntness in speaking which was sometimes very striking indeed. Mr. Waters had charged him to instruct Tim in the art of penmanship, and the very first day he set him to work at pot-hooks and hangers upon a quire of ruled "copy" stitched up into a huge book. Tim, who was docility itself, took pen in hand with such a will, and used it with such carefulness, that he won Quiller's heart, who declared that the boy was cut out for a first-rate scribe, and already talked of teaching him to engross.

Tim did not always leave the office at six. Mr. Waters, whose occupations were as much literary as legal, sometimes kept him late, running backwards and forwards to the printer; and sometimes there were rather riotous comrades in his chambers, whom Tim was kept to wait upon, and who were liberal of their small change to the boy, in return for his willingness and activity. As a reward for these extra exertions, Mr. Waters, at the end of six months, gave him a new suit of clothes that made almost a little gentleman of him, and, raising his wages at the same time, sent him home with the new clothes on his back.

Tim walked into his mother's coffee-shop that night about nine o'clock, blazing in burnished brass buttons of the roley-poley species, and looking all the taller, because, instead of a cap, he wore a veritable beaver. His own mother didn't know him at

first glance, until his dark eye met hers, and then she had to sink down on a seat from sheer surprise.

"Why, if it ain't Skyblue!" bawled Hodds. "D'y'e call that nothing? look'ee here!—jacket of best karseymeer, or I'm a Dutchman—and there's a stunnin' hat! why, if he ain't a young gemman!"

Congratulations poured in upon the widow, on the score of her son's good fortune, from all present. When Tim told her afterwards that his wages were raised, and that he was now to be in the receipt of eight shillings a week, they held a council as to what was best to be done with the increased income. The mother was for laying by something against a rainy day; but Tim, who saw no rainy days in the distance, but all sunshine, was for sending Ned to a day-school, where he would have a good education for less than they could now afford. So that was resolved on, and in due time carried into execution.

Before Tim had been in service a year, his doings with the pen were something wonderful to see; and if you had not known that he practised sedulously four or five hours a day, you would have thought him a prodigy. He had remarkable perseverance and application, and to that he owed everything. Mr. Quiller took to himself the merit of his progress, of which he was not a little proud, and, resolving to complete the work he had undertaken, commenced a course of instruction in arithmetic. Tim took to figures intuitively; before he could write, he could cast up small sums on his fingers, and score accounts in chalk lines on the kitchen door. He soon mastered the four rules, and fixed them all the firmer in his memory by teaching them to little Sally in the evenings. He then began a serious course of study in the application of them, and found such delight in it, that it was scarcely ever out of his thoughts. Mr. Waters took notice of his love of and aptitude for calculations, and lent him valuable books, and kindly explained any subject of difficulty.

More than two years had passed away thus happily for Tim: he had never incurred one syllable of blame either from his master or the clerk; he had been punctual as the clock to all his engagements, and as active as a roe in the despatch of everything confided to him. Thrice had he reaped the reward of good conduct in a rise of wages; and, as Mr. Waters's business was increasing, there seemed every prospect that he would in good time take a position as clerk in the office, under the guidance of Quiller. But one morning, contrary to his general custom, Tim did not make his appearance at the office. The absence of his little pale face disturbed Quiller, as the hours wore on, to such a degree that he could rest no longer on his stool, but, locking the office door, and giving the key to a chum on the next floor, in case Mr. Waters should come in, set off to Bermondsey to look for him.

As he knew the name of the street where Tim dwelt, he was not long in finding it. While looking about for the number of the house, he was accosted by a big, burly man, who asked him what he might be seeking.

"Can you tell me," said Quiller, "where Mrs. Wendell lives?"

The man started, gave a sort of groan, and drew his hand across his eyes. "No I can't," he said slowly, and with a solemn look in the questioner's face; "I would give all I got, and that's not much, if I could. But I can show you where she lies dead. She died last night, poor creature, without no warnin'. That's the house; you'll find her eldest boy there, poor fellow. If so be you're a friend of the family, you're come in the right time. I'm just come from there. I've took the two youngest children to my missis, to keep till the berrin' is over. My name is Hodds; I'm easy found. Good arternoon, sir." And the honest fellow's voice faltered as he turned away.

Quiller found Tim sitting by his mother's corpse, with her dead hand in his. The little fellow could only look mournfully at him through his tears, and utter long-drawn sighs. The clerk sat with him for a while in silence, and then led him down-stairs into the darkened shop. The dead mother's worn shawl and bonnet hung on a peg on the door; he swung the door round, that Tim might not see them, and sat him with his back to the light that streamed through from the kitchen window.

"What is to be done, my boy?" he said; "shall I see to the funeral, and take that trouble off your hands?"

"No," said Tim, "that is settled; there will be an inquest to-morrow, and on Monday—" here sobs and sighs were all he could utter.

"And on Monday, you mean, will be the funeral? But there are your relations—have you written to them?"

"Mother had relations, I know, in Lincolnshire; but that is all I know; who they are, or where they live, I cannot tell."

"And your brother and sister—who will take charge of them?"

"I shall," said Tim; "there is no one else to do it; I must do my duty by them." There was a husky sternness in the little voice that spoke the words.

Quiller gulped down an ejaculation that was bursting from him, and grasped Tim's hand. "Well, my boy," he said, "you know where to find one friend at least. Keep a good heart. Be sure all that happens is for the best. I must go now. I'll tell the governor how it is, and of course you won't be expected till all is over."

The clerk took his leave, calling on his way back on Mrs. Hodds, to see the orphan children, and then on the undertaker, with whom he left his address, and a guarantee for the expenses of a decent funeral.

Tim was in his usual place in Fig-tree Court on the following Wednesday morning. He had seen his mother laid in the churchyard at her husband's side; had sold the goodwill of the coffee-shop to pay the charges of the funeral; had removed as much of the furniture as he wanted to a cheap lodging in Clement's Lane, whither he had taken Ned and Sally, and converted the rest into cash enough to pay the few debts that were owing. Tim now stood in place of both parents to his brother and sister, and, with a regular income of twelve

shillings a week, resolved that they should be a burden to nobody.

Time, the devourer of our hopes and joys, devours also our griefs and sorrows. Tim never forgot his mother, or her kind and loving ways; but he ceased indulging in vain regrets for her loss. As the care of Ned and Sally had devolved upon him, he had taken a home near the office, that, as much as possible, he might guard and guide them. He was now quite competent to undertake the education of them both, and to this end he devoted the evenings of each day. He rarely left them for many hours at a time, and it was seldom that he left them unemployed. Ned grew a sharp, lively boy, got on well with his learning, and, though a little headstrong and unruly at times, promised to become a clever man. Sally, a quiet and gentle creature, was already a thoughtful little woman, handy at her needle, and ever on the watch to save by a timely stitch even the smallest claim upon the general purse.

Tim almost justified the prophecy of the brick-layer. He never grew beyond the stature of a boy; but he grew in time a thorough man in all else than stature which makes manhood manly. His arithmetical studies led him on by degrees to the higher branches of arithmetical science; and, timid and modest as he was, he could not but feel, as one success led to another, that in this direction there lay open to him a path that might lead to consideration and competence.

"Quiller," said Mr. Waters one day to the clerk, "I didn't know you dabbled in algebra."

"Nor I neither," said Quiller, "and I don't know it now."

"Then whose figures are these on the back of this envelope? There was nothing on it yesterday morning."

"They are young Wendell's."

"Wendell's! why, this is a clever solution of a most difficult problem, and worked in a most masterly way."

"Then I'm *sure* it's Wendell's; masterly is the word for anything he does in that line."

"You astonish me."

"Astonish you! why, you ought to have been astonished years ago; did you never notice his writing?"

"Writing! pooh! Send him to me when he comes in. I must speak to him."

"Writing! Pooh! all stuff and rubbish, I suppose," said Quiller, grumblingly to himself, after Mr. Waters had left the office; "let's look at this masterly work— nx plus y , minus something like a fellow's nose, dot, scratch, divided by leg of a table—what is it all about? Call that masterly! give me a good bold hand. However, I suppose there's something in it, for the governor's a deep file, and if it's to do little Wendell any good, *that's* a thing I shall understand fast enough, though I can make nothing of this."

Tim came in at this moment, and Quiller, winking at him mysteriously, delivered the governor's commands in a loud voice, and pointed to the door of the inner office, which the lad entered.

What passed at this interview we cannot exactly report. Suffice to say, that Tim Wendell came out an hour after with a face, for once in his life, flushed and glowing, and, passing Quiller with a silent shake of the hand, went and shut himself in his little closet.

Next day a new lad had taken his place as messenger, and Tim did not come till three o'clock, and then it was to meet an elderly gentleman, with whom and Mr. Waters he was closeted for a considerable time. After that he was seen no more in the Temple. What became of him we are not at liberty to record with minuteness. We may say this much, however, that within six months of that date Ned was articled to a builder, with a round premium, for the payment of which Tim was responsible, and Sally was trying her hand at house-keeping for a professional gentleman residing in a neat cottage in the suburbs, and often took in letters from the postman addressed to its occupier, "T. Wendell, Esq., Actuary to the — Company."

DOINGS ON THE ICE.

PART II.

SINCE the period of the great Ice Fair described in our last number, the Thames has faced the sky as a flowing stream, but was in imminent danger of being unable to do so in the year 1855, when frost commenced January the 14th, and did not give way till February the 23rd. Ice-islands, coated with snow, floated on the river, and would have been formed into a continuous highway had the rigour of the season lasted a day or two longer. In the country, milk froze upon the milkers' hands as they were at work; the Severn was a firm pavement from Gloucester to Worcester, a distance of thirty miles; Windermere and the contiguous lakes were skating grounds; most of the ports were blocked up; and vast quantities of ice were seen in the Downs and the Channel—a very rare occurrence. Such correspondence to the scenery and temperature of the polar zone is not to be desired, as it is a cause of intense distress to the poorer classes, though the writer enjoyed it himself as a novelty, and extracted exhilarating exercise from it, having glibly gone a-head for many a mile on the frozen fens of Lincolnshire. Yet, if the present century is to answer to the past and all preceding ones, as far as records reveal their meteorological condition, we may certainly expect the arrival before long of one of the "old-fashioned" winters talked of by elderly people. But as certainly will it find our population much better able to cope with seasonal severity than their fathers were, owing to the improvement and extension of material comforts, and a much larger amount of true social feeling and ministering charity among us.

It is probable, from the chronicles of bygone times, that though the mean annual temperature has undergone no alteration, and never will do, our seasons are now less frequently in violent contrast to each other, the climate having been rendered more equable through the different months by the clearing away of forests and fens, the general drain-

age and cultivation of the soil. Tested by careful observations in various countries, it is found that, however great the range of the thermometer in the course of a single year, or the difference between the maximum degree of cold and heat it registers, yet a comparison of years shows that the annual average temperature at a given locality is a remarkably stable element, neither an unusually rigorous winter nor a like hot summer causing it to fall below or rise above the standard mean.

There have been cold icy doings abroad, of which we have had no experience at home. Theodomer marched his army over the frozen Danube to avenge his brother's death in Suabia. Wolves, driven from their forest homes in Norway by the terrible cold, invaded Jutland in 1408, crossing the ice of the intervening sea. Charles x of Sweden, in 1658, marched over the ice of the Little Belt, from Holstein, to the attack of Denmark, with horse and foot, baggage and artillery. In the course of the war between Russia and Sweden, in 1809, General Knorring led a corps of infantry, cavalry, and artillery, 15,000 strong, over the ice from Abo to the Aland isles, and took possession of the archipelago—an incident which many of the old inhabitants well remember. But perhaps the most daring and hazardous enterprise of the kind ever performed was Barclay de Tolly's passage with his army, during the same war, from Finland to Sweden, across the ice of the Gulf of Bothnia. He chose for the point of crossing the North Quarken, where the gulf contracts, though the opposite shores are still some sixty miles apart, and effected it in three days, after a journey resembling in its details the adventures of polar explorers. The troops bivouacked at night, with a clear sky and a bright moon aloft. Their guides often lost the way, amid frightful masses of ice and snow, which storms had confusedly heaped together. Stakes planted as marks by a reconnoitring party sent beforehand could not be found, having been blown down by the winds. The sledges were continually stopped by broad chasms, which had to be crossed like rivers, or avoided by long detours. Fortunately, though the weather was intensely cold, the air was calm; for, had a violent snow-storm occurred, the army must inevitably have perished. The perilous exploit was useless, for scarcely had the soldiers gained the Swedish side, when they were recalled, owing to the conclusion of a truce.

An ever open sea rolls around us, and we are thankful for it, rejoicing in the fulness of freedom from icy thralldom and wintry entanglements. Thus it must be, so long as our islands, with the western coasts of Europe in general, are exposed to prevalent south-west winds blowing up from the region of the tropics, and to the influence of the warm water of the Gulf Stream. To these two great physical causes we are mainly indebted for mild winters, as compared with those of countries at a corresponding latitude, in continental Europe, Asia, and America. But for them, the case would have been very different with us. In the very same latitude across the Atlantic, polar rigour annually reigns for seven months over thinly-peopled Labrador; miles of ice-fields fringe the shores; and, had our climate

been left to be determined solely by astronomical position, then would a tramp across an ice-bridge at the Strait of Dover have been a very conceivable event. To be sure, under such circumstances, invasion would not have been very probable; for, so greatly is the character and career of nations influenced by physical conditions, that in all likelihood John Bull would have been an Esquimaux, and Monsieur very little better.

DIES IRÆ.

AMONG the miscellaneous poems of the late Lord Macaulay, recently published,* is the following translation of the Hymn of the Ancient Church on the great Day of Judgment.

On that great, that awful day,
This vain world shall pass away.
Thus the Sybil sang of old,
Thus hath holy David told.
There shall be a deadly fear
When the Avenger shall appear,
And unveiled before his eye
All the works of man shall lie.
Hark! to the great trumpet's tones
Penning o'er the place of bones:
Hark! it waketh from their bed
All the nations of the dead—
In a countless throng to meet
At the eternal judgment seat.
Nature sickens with dismay;
Death may not retain its prey:
All before the Maker stand,
All the creatures of his hand.
The great book shall be unfurled,
Whereby God shall judge the world:
What was distant shall be near,
What was hidden shall be clear.
To what shelter shall I fly?
To what guardian shall I cry?
Oh, in that destroying hour,
Source of goodness, Source of power,
Show thou, of thine own free grace,
Help unto a helpless race.
Though I plead not at thy throne
Aught that I for thee have done,
Do not thou unmindful be
Of what thou hast borne for me:
Of the wandering, and the scorn,
Of the scourge, and of the thorn.
Jesus, hast thou borne the pain,
And hath all been borne in vain?
Shall thy vengeance smite the head
For whose ransom thou hast bled?
Thou, whose dying blessing gave
Glory to a guilty slave;
Thou, who from the crew unclean
Didst release the Magdalene;
Shall not mercy vast and free
Evermore be found in thee?
Father, turn on me thine eyes,
See my blushes, hear my cries;
Faint though be the cries I make,
Save me for thy mercy's sake,
From the worm, and from the fire,
From the torments of thine ire.
Fold me with the sheep that stand
Pure and safe at thy right hand.
Hear thy guilty child implore thee,
Rolling in the dust before thee,
Oh the horrors of that day!
When this frame of sinful clay,
Starting from its burial-place,
Must behold thee face to face.
Hear and pity, hear and aid,
Spare the creatures thou hast made.
Mercy, mercy! save, for give,
Oh, who shall look on Thee and live?

* The "Miscellaneous Writings of Lord Macaulay," 2 vols. Longman & Co.

INTRODUCTION TO THE STUDY OF MOSESSES.

CHAPTER III.

"Oh, what sweet little mossy clumps!
I thought they only grew on stumps
Of old dead trees, or ruined halls,
But not on these stiff dry old walls."

My next ramble with Marian occurred when business called my uncle to Richmond, the nearest market-town. She had shopping to do, so she wished to accompany her father; and she promised me that she would make her purchases quickly, and then come and show me the lions of the place. I waited for her on the Castle Hill, enjoying the splendid view both of the grey old town and the rich surrounding country.

"Now, where will you go?" she asked, as she put her arm within mine. "Easby Abbey is the best worth seeing, and we have time for that, and more."

"Business first, and pleasure afterwards," I replied. "Let us first visit the best locality for mosses, and then proceed to examine the remarkable ruin."

She turned to the right, directing my attention to the steep and richly-wooded banks of the river above the bridge. "We are close to those woods," she said, "and they are glorious places for mosses; besides, the heat is so intense at present, and we shall find the shade very acceptable. We can proceed to Easby along the opposite bank of the river later in the day."

We crossed the bridge and entered the wood. Our path lay for awhile close to the river; then we had to climb, and then again the way was on the descent. By this time we had left the river, and a loose, low, aged wall divided the wood from pasture fields.

"This," said Marian, "has been a well-beloved hunting-ground of mine for many years, and I have great pleasure in introducing you to it. Here, and on the old trees close by it, we find several of the Bristle mosses, so we will go over their characteristics before disturbing them. The capsule is oval, and more or less embosomed in the leaves; the fringe is sometimes single, sometimes double, and in one species absent; the lid is short, cone-shaped, and beaked, and the veil bell-shaped, plaited, and often covered with hairs. The plants are in tufts, on trees or stones. The foliage is crisp and twisted when dry, but becomes spreading when immersed in water. There is always fruit upon the plant, for it takes twelve months to bring it to maturity. This Single-fruited Bristle moss seems quite at home upon the rough slab of limestone; its ripe urns have sixteen furrows, and the veil is wide and of a light colour. The Wood Bristle moss (*Orthotrichum affine*, Fig. 9) adorns this old thorn stump, and luxuriates still more freely upon that pollard willow, and the Feather moss helps in clothing them. You might really suppose that Wordsworth had made his sketch here:—

'Like rock or stone it is overgrown
With lichens to the very top,
And hung with heavy tufts of moss,
A melancholy crop:

Up from the earth these mosses creep,
And this poor thorn they clasp it round,
So close, you'd say that they were bent
With plain and manifest intent
To drag it to the ground."

"With all due deference, my good cousin," I replied, "I don't like your allusion at all, nor do I consider it just. In the first place, I object to any likeness being drawn between Wordsworth's weird pool and stunted thorn, and this rich wood, whose depth of shadow throws out the broad light of the sunny meadows and sparkling river beyond; and, secondly, I have no sympathy with a poet who can term these dainty mosses a 'melancholy crop,' or accuse them of a wish to 'drag to the ground' the poor old thorn. No; surely if mosses were able to give utterance to anything, it would be to a song of praise and love, setting forth God's care over all, even the very least of his works, and telling how he decks and brightens unavoidable decay by dressing the leafless tree with extraneous verdure, and how he smoothes the stony path, softening off the sharp edges by means of mossy cushions."

"You are quite right, my dear cousin," she replied; "and Wordsworth and I yield the palm of right reasoning to you. Let us now examine these other Bristle mosses. This with the erect branches, pear-shaped urn, and hairy veil, is the Rock Bristle moss (*Orthotrichum rupestre*, Fig. 7 and a); and this, with the crowded crisp leaves and smaller urn, is the Curled-leaved Bristle moss (*Orthotrichum crispum*, Fig. 8 and b). We must turn to the trees again for the Tawny-fruited Bristle moss, characterised by its dark foliage and narrow urn, and for the White-tipped Bristle moss, distinguished from all other species by the white points of its leaves (*Orthotrichum diaphanum*, Fig. 10). There is a Straw-coloured Bristle moss, and a Close-tufted Bristle moss, and a Showy Bristle moss, and a River Bristle moss growing on trees by mountain streams; all these have furrowed urns and hairy veils. The Elegant Bristle moss has a smooth veil. Drummond's Bristle moss is peculiar to birch trees, and has creeping stems; and the Frizzled Bristle moss grows near the sea, and is always barren



a. Rock Bristle moss, fruit and leaves magnified. b. Curled-leaved Bristle moss, veil and leaf magnified. c. Fruit and leaf of Green Yoke moss. d. Fruit, veil, and leaf of Alpine Hair moss. e. Fruit and leaf of Greater-matted Thread moss, magnified. f. Fruit and leaf of Pink-printed Thread moss.

"The group next to the Bristle mosses is a very small one, containing only one family and four species. The Yoke mosses have upright urns, small veils, and scarcely any beaks to the lids. They are distinguished from the Bristle mosses by the smoothness of the veils. I found a piece of the Green-tufted Yoke moss near Sheerwater, in Wiltshire; it is rarely found in fruit, so I account

my specimen a great treasure (*Zygodon viridissimum*, Fig. 11 and c). The Lapland and the Mougeot's Yoke mosses are Alpine species, and the Lesser Yoke moss is chiefly an inhabitant of Ireland. The Four-tooth mosses are two peculiar little plants. The pellucid one has the secondary fructification developed like a petalled cup; its leaves are broad, and closely pressed to the stem; and its stems are matted together below by red threads. Brown's Four-tooth moss has leaves of two kinds: the one broad and pressed close to the stem, the other mingled with them, but narrow and spreading (*Tetradontium Brownianum*). Buxbaum's moss is entirely leafless, at least it appears so to the naked eye; it resembles a fungus, its stem being nearly buried in the earth, and only the reddish urn appearing above. The Leafy Buxbaumia is very minute; its leaves are narrow, and its urn is not unlike a grain of wheat. These intervene between our well-beloved Bristle moss and the still more attractive group of the Hair mosses. We will continue our walk past the Round Howe, and we shall find the Waved-hair moss in the wood near the river."

We proceeded through a couple of fields, and then came upon the hillock called the Round Howe. There the rocks, with the river, form a kind of circus, and in the midst of the inclosed arena this hill arises. The legend of the country is, that when the giants made the neighbouring hills they had a spadeful of earth too much, and tossed it down in this spot, so forming the Round Howe. Half of the hillock is wooded, and is, my cousin told me, an excellent situation for wild flowers. But we did not linger there, being bent on finding the moss in question. In the thick wood in which we next entered, the ground was carpeted with ferns, mosses, and lichens, and Marian soon directed my attention to one plot in particular.

"There is the Wavy-leaved Hair moss," she said; "it is sure to be a favourite of yours, being what you call a 'sizeable moss.' The large group of Hair mosses is characterized by the spreading of the point of the central column, which at last connects all the teeth of the fringe: there are exceptions to this habit. The upper leaves in the plant in my hand are crowded, strap-shaped, waved at the margin, and, as you will see by using the lens, indented; the urn is cylinder-shaped and curved, and the veils have long beaks. The old fruit has almost lost its shape, and the new is scarcely formed. We must look at this moss again, for it comes to perfection in October (*Atrichum undulatum*, Fig. 6). The Hercynian Hair moss is a Scotch or Welsh species (*Oligotrichum hercynicum*); it is of a firmer habit than the Wavy-leaved.

"But we must really return to Richmond now: it is getting quite late, and my father will be waiting; Easby will be obliged to stand over for another occasion." My patience was long tried, for day after day passed and Marian was too much occupied with household and social duties to be able to attend to me and my mosses. One species which I had brought from Hawkhurst, I succeeded in identifying as the Aloe-leaved Hair moss (*Pogonatum aloides*, Fig. 4), by its stem, half an inch in

height, its stiff, dark-green leaves, and oval urn covered with a pale hairy veil. Marian, too, had the charity to give me a moss sent to her from Westmoreland, whose glaucous hue and shorter leaves proved it to be the Urn-fruited Hair moss (*Pogonatum urnigerum*, Fig. 5). Despairing at last of ever again securing the company of my cousin, I determined to commit myself to the mercies of Summer Lodge Bank, and try what I could find alone. Passing by the verdant patches of swamp, and not pausing again to examine the thick white carpet of Bog moss, I came to where the Ling, now in full bloom, was surrounded by a miniature pine forest, each Lilliputian tree being crowned with a slender stalk a couple of inches in height, bearing a square urn at its summit. Many of these urns were naked, having lost both veil and lid, but a few belated plants still wore the veil, which, thickly covered with hairs, proved its wearer to be one of the Hair mosses. Surely, then, this was the Common Hair moss (*Polytrichum commune*, Fig. 1), of which I had heard so much. Even in old Gerard's time this was a familiar moss; for he says of it, "This kind of moss, called *Muscus capillaris*, or Golden Maiden Hair moss, is seldom found but upon bogs or moorish places, and also in some shadowie ditches where the sun doth not come." This is the moss of which travellers speak as accompanying the Reindeer moss, and forming along with it the food of that useful animal, the two constituting the sole verdure of the snowy regions. I placed some specimens in my box, and proceeded on my way. Another plant, closely resembling the Common Hair moss, rewarded my excursion. It was growing in a similar situation, but differed in having a branched stem, narrower leaves, and oval urns. These characteristics convinced me that it was the Alpine Hair moss, (*P. Alpinum*, Fig. 3, and d).

There is a Northern Hair moss, with six sides to the urn; and a Slender Hair moss, with densely tufted stems; and a Juniper-leaved Hair moss, with spreading foliage; and a Bristle-pointed Hair moss, with hairs at the end of the leaves; and a Dwarf Hair moss, less than a quarter of an inch high.

As the autumn advanced, another opportunity occurred for a run over to Richmond, and Marian promised to go with me to Easby. As we traversed the road along the Clink Bank, bounded on the left by dripping rocks, and on the right by a precipitous wood, descending abruptly to the river, I remarked some beautiful creeping mosses; but Marian would not let me wait to gather them, for, she said, my moss education was not yet ripe for these; so we pursued our way till we reached a low stone wall.

"Now," she said, "open your eyes to examine Thread mosses, and your ears to hear their description!"

"This group of mosses," she continued, "grow on rocks and walls in dense tufts; they have pear-shaped urns, generally pendulous; the lid is convex, and sometimes slightly beaked, and the fringe is double. The Slender Thread moss has oval urns. The Golden Thread moss is a silky

plant, about half an inch in height; the lower leaves are lance-shaped, the upper very narrow, and the urn is of a golden brown. It grows on sandy banks and rocks, (*Leptobryum pyriforme*)."

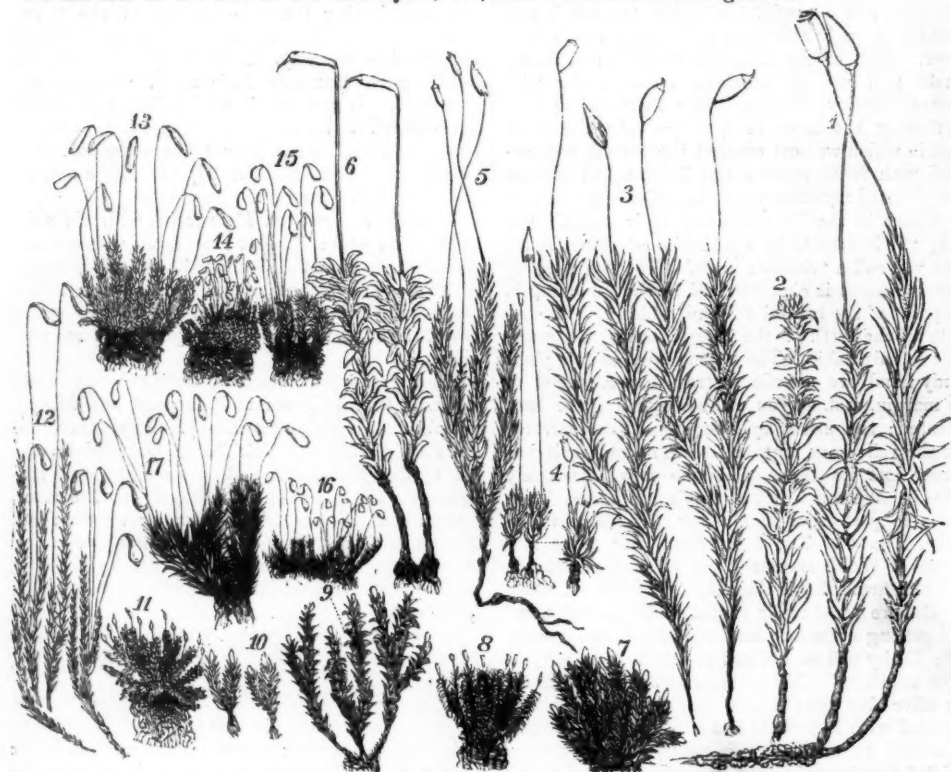
"One of the mosses that I got at Hastings must be a Thread moss," I suggested. "It has lance-shaped leaves, the lower broader than the upper; stems growing in a thick cluster, and very short, and a reddish fruit-stalk, with a drooping flesh-coloured urn. It was in fruit in April."

"It is, doubtless, the Pink-fruited Thread moss," she replied, (*Bryum carneum*, Fig. 16 and f). Here you have the Drooping Thread moss (*Bryum cernuum*, Fig. 17), with its oval and pointed leaves, and smaller urn; and the Greater Matted Thread moss (*B. capillare*, Fig. 13 and e). Its leaves are also oval, and have long slender points; the urn is narrower, and there is no thickened border to the leaf; and the Lesser Matted Thread moss (*B. caespitium*, Fig. 15), distinguished by its smaller urn, of a reddish colour. There are Feather mosses, also, on this rich old wall, and Liverworts, and Lichens; but our business is not with any of these to-day."

We proceeded to the ruins of Easby Abbey, and enjoyed the beautiful group of decaying architecture and luxuriant verdure. The woods were beginning to assume autumnal tints, and the river glistened through the drooping branches.

At the foot of the wall of the churchyard, we

found the Silvery Thread moss (*B. argenteum*, Fig. 14), distinguished by the silvery hue imparted to its closely-folded leaves by their white tips. It is a very small moss, and its urns were scarcely developed. We returned to Richmond through the wood, at the river's edge: there, touching the very margin of the water, flourished a densely tufted moss, with rosy stems and broadish leaves, sometimes a pale green, and sometimes of a reddish hue; the stems, though slender, were, some of them, nearly an inch long; the urns were of a jargonel pear shape. We agreed that this must be the Pale-leaved Thread moss (*B. pallens*, Fig. 12). There is a Sharp-pointed Thread moss, and a Changeable Thread moss, and a Long-pointed Thread moss, and a Glaucous Thread moss, and an Alpine Bog Thread moss: these inhabit mountainous districts. The Silky, Round-fruited, Pale-fruited, and Small-mouthed species affect sandy soil; and the Bog Thread moss, Lowland Thread moss, and Slender-branched Thread moss, favour moist ground. The largest species of Thread moss is the Rosaceous (*Bryum roseum*): its star-shaped clusters of leaves, adorning the ends of the barren branches, procure its name. The stems are from one to four inches long, and the leaves large and oval. My cousin consented to my taking specimens from the dripping rocks, upon my promising to reserve the study of them until they came in their due course of arrangement.



1. Common Hair moss. 2. Ditto, with secondary fructification. 3. Alpine H. 4. Aloe-leaved H. 5. Urn-fruited H. 6. Wavy-leaved H. 7. Rock Bristle moss. 8. Curled B. 9. Wood B. 10. White-tipped B. 11. Green Yoke moss. 12. Pale-leaved Thread moss. 13. Greater matted T. 14. Silver-tipped T. 15. Lesser matted T. 16. Pink-fruited T. 17. Drooping T.